

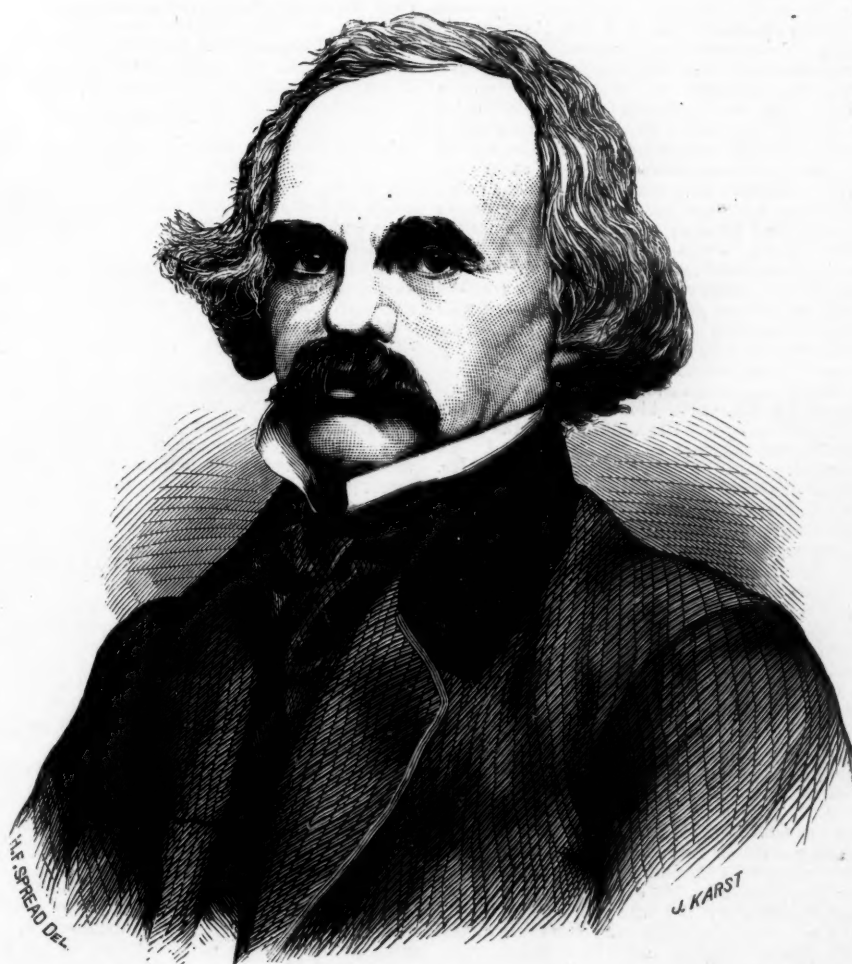
# The Critic

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (See Page 158.)

## The Critic

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### TWO GLIMPSES OF HAWTHORNE.

I MIGHT almost say that the first time I saw Nathaniel Hawthorne I did not see him. The occasion was a summer Sunday in the forties (1845 I think) on which I had driven out to Concord with Dr. Howe, to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mann. These friends were then established for the summer in a farmhouse immediately adjoining the "Old Manse" from which the lovely "Mosses" were dated. This had then been for some years the residence of the Hawthornes, and I, like many others, had heard with great interest the romantic story of their first establishment there. Rich in friends and in public esteem, they had but a small portion of worldly goods to bestow upon each other. The outlay for the bride's outfit and furniture had corresponded with the limitation of their circumstances. But Mrs. Hawthorne's artistic gifts had enabled her to adorn her house with the beauties which money can only command at second-hand, but which genius can produce at will. The furniture of her bedroom had been made, by her order, of plain wood painted in the creamy color which is now so much in vogue. Upon this background she had drawn in India-ink a number of beautiful designs. At the head of her bedstead was outlined Thorwaldsen's "Night;" at its foot, his "Morning." The wash-stand bore the device of Venus rising from the Sea, copied from Flaxman, and on chairs were drawn his Muses. So much as this I knew by hearsay, but was not the less anxious to verify by sight. I was very glad, therefore, when Mrs. Mann proposed that we should visit her sister.\*

We presently entered the Manse, and were hospitably received by Mrs. Hawthorne in its modest parlor. While we talked with her, a step was heard descending the stair. Mrs. Hawthorne said, raising her voice, "My husband, I want you to come and see Doctor and Mrs. Howe." In obedience to this summons, Mr. Hawthorne showed himself at the door for a moment, and immediately disappeared. In this glimpse of him I had seen his handsome, fresh face and clear blue eyes. I recall even now the shape of the broad-brimmed straw hat that shaded his forehead. To my great disappointment, we saw nothing more of him. Mrs. Hawthorne consoled me as well as she could, and showed me, among other things, the bedroom furniture of which I had heard so much. Her little daughter, my own little girl, and Horace Mann's son were then just able to run about. They disported themselves on the grass beneath the avenues of trees which guarded the entrance to the Manse. The three mothers talked of their new baby-experience, while Dr. Howe and Mr. Mann conferred, as was their custom, upon matters pertaining to the public weal.

I saw Mr. Hawthorne again after the lapse of many years, during which he had held office both in this country and abroad, and had become widely known as the author of the "Scarlet Letter," "House of the Seven Gables," and the "Blithedale Romance." From a charming teller of stories he had grown to be a romancer of unique scope and merit, giving the world life-dramas where before he had given broken visions only, though of deep and subtle significance. He had at this time recently returned from a long residence in England and on the Continent. Our second meeting, like our first, was in Concord, but not in the old Manse. I happened to be passing a day or two with Mrs. Mann, and Mr. Hawthorne, with other guests, had been invited to meet me. He made his appearance in due time, and after a little while my hostess said: "Mr. Hawthorne would like to talk with you." "Oh, no!" I replied, "I know too well how little he likes to receive attention." "You will find him much changed," said Mrs. Mann. She brought him to me, and his delightful conversation made amends for the disappointment which had been at interest between us for so many years. The beauty of his countenance was remarkable. Crayon portraits and photographs preserve the fine outline of his head and face, but fail to give his vivid coloring, and varying expression. His eyes, fringed with dark lashes, gleamed like tremulous sapphires. Whenever their look encountered mine, they seemed to say: "This sensitive soul prays the world not to be rough or rude." I saw him the next day in the house which he had recently bought and fitted up. He showed me with pleasure

his study, the belvedere which he had added to the house, and the view which it commanded. Passing thence to the door of his wife's room, he motioned to me to go in, saying: "She always has pretty and strange things in it."

In the interval which separated these two meetings, Mr. Hawthorne's fortune had enlarged with his reputation. The appointments of his household had far outgrown the limitations of the old Manse. The lovely baby of the earlier time had grown into a gracious maiden, and a son and a younger daughter had added themselves to the family circle. I thought of them all with pleasure in their sunny cosy nest, in which, indeed, some years of contentment were still before them. Too soon, however, the cold shadow fell upon that happy group, from which the father faded first. His wonderful eyes still shine and tremble in my recollection. If Shakspeare's Romeo could say that his Juliet's eyes had taken the place of twin stars sent on some celestial errand, I may surely say that when Hawthorne's eyes closed upon the world, two stars which had found their way to earth were suddenly recalled to their native empyrean. Star-bright may his soul still shine, reflected on the page we love to read, but keeping in its immortal light a radiance which it could not wholly shed on earth.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

### Ancient Egypt.\*

SINCE Napoleon made his expedition to Egypt, and especially since Champollion found the key for deciphering the hieroglyphics, an enormous amount of material has been collected for the study of Egyptian history and religion, literature and art, customs and manners. The immense fields of ruins, both in Lower and Upper Egypt, have been ransacked, and Egyptian museums have been founded in all the great capitals of the civilized world. Inscriptions on the monuments and books on papyri have been deciphered, translated, and published.

Most of these materials, however, are unavailable for the public at large. Works like the "Descriptions de l'Egypte," published by the French savants who accompanied the expedition of Napoleon, or Ippolito Rosellini's "Monumenti dell'Egitto e della Nubia," or Lepsius's "Denkmäler aus Ägypten und Äthiopien," can never be popular books; they are too costly. Nor can the scholar's minute and exhaustive treatment of some details ever satisfy the general reader. What he wants is simply the result of the investigation and its relation to the great general questions of civilization. Thus it came to pass that though one generation of great Egyptian scholars followed after the other, and one great triumph in the study of Egyptology was achieved after the other, the public at large has, up to a very recent date, been left outside of the banquetting room. For a work like the present there is not only room but actual need.

The work consists of two volumes, respectively of 554 and 564 pages, very well printed and handsomely gotten up. The first volume describes in 11 chapters the land and its climate, the people and their language, literature, art, science, religion, customs, and manners; while the second volume gives the history proper from its dawn to the Persian conquest, 527 B.C. A special feature, and one which will be very much appreciated by the general reader, is the copious illustrations. All the illustrations are pertinent and well executed and many of them are new, not a repetition of the old hackneyed ones which we are used to meet at every street corner.

One of the most interesting chapters in the first volume is that on the ethnological relations of the Egyptian people (Chap. III.). Dr. Birch has observed that, on the earliest monuments, the Egyptians appear as a red or dusky race with features neither entirely Caucasian nor Nigritic, though more resembling the European at the earliest age. At the middle period of the empire they resemble the Nigritic races or the offspring of a mixed population. After the most flourishing period of the empire the sallow tint and refined type of the Semitic families of mankind appear; and the reader will, in the second volume, find many events recorded which seem well adapted to explain such a development of the Egyptian type. All modern ethnologists agree that the ancient Egyptians, though located in Africa, were not an African people. Neither the formation of their skulls, nor their physiognomy, nor their complexion, nor the quality of their hair, nor the general proportions of their frames connect them in any way with the indigenous

\* Horace Mann and Nathaniel Hawthorne married the two younger sisters of Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

\* History of Ancient Egypt. By George Rawlinson, 2 vols., \$21. New York: Scribner & Welford.

African races, the Berbers and the Negroes. Nor is their language in the least like those of the African tribes. They were an Asiatic people, nearly allied to several important races of south-western Asia, as the Canaanites, the Arcadians, or primitive Babylonians, and the Southern or Himyaritic Arabs; and they entered into Egypt, as has been conclusively shown by Brugsch Bey, from the North-east. The study of the monuments, he says, furnishes incontrovertible evidence that the historical series of Egyptian temples, tombs, and cities, constructed on either bank of the Nile, follow one upon the other in chronological order in such sort that the monuments of the greatest antiquity, the pyramids, for instance, are situated furthest to the North; while the nearer one approaches the Ethiopian catarracts, the more do the monuments lose the stamp of antiquity, and the more plainly do they show the decline of art, of beauty, and of good taste.

In the second volume those points are, of course, of most interest in which the Egyptians come in contact with the Israelites. The Rationalists of the Eighteenth century partly succeeded in laying a veil of myths—or rather a grinning mask of plaster of Paris—over the Old Testament's narratives of Joseph, the Exodus from Egypt, the wanderings in the wilderness, etc. But to the discomfiture of the boasted common-sense and logic of Rationalism, the deciphering of the hieroglyphic inscriptions on Egyptian monuments has rent the veil—burst the mask—and the narratives of the Old Testament stand again as the pure and simple truth. Ebers fully admits the entire "Egyptivity" of all the references of Genesis and Exodus to Egypt. Rawlinson gives the weight of his name to the theory now accepted by all the leading Egyptologists—Birch, Ebers, Brugsch, Lenormant, Chabas, etc.—that Rameses II., the great conqueror and builder, who spread himself all over Egypt, was the Pharaoh of the oppression, the builder of Pithom and Raameses. But he makes a singular blunder when he calls him (vol. ii., p. 326) the "king who knew not Moses," instead of "Joseph." Rameses had no less than fifty-nine sons and sixty daughters. If Rameses II. was the oppressor of the Israelites, his son and successor Menephthah (the Ammenephthes of Manetho), was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. His reign was very inglorious. "He was quite incompetent to deal with the difficult circumstances in which he found himself placed—he hesitated, temporized, made concessions, retracted them—and finally conducted Egypt to a catastrophe from which she did not recover for a generation" (ii. 327). Dr. Schaff, in his book "Through Bible Lands" (p. 102), has first directed attention to a passage in Herodotus (ii. c. 111), which sounds very much like a confused reminiscence of the disaster in the Red Sea. "He impiously hurled his spear," says Herodotus of Pheron (Pharaoh), the son and successor of Sesostris (Rameses II.), "into the overflowing waves of the river, which a sudden wind caused to rise to an extraordinary height." It is strange that even Rawlinson, the learned editor of "Herodotus," and the writer of this last History of Egypt, should have entirely overlooked this passage.

#### "Hidden Power."

THE sub-title of this volume carries us back in fancy to the days of Cotton Mather and his contemporaries, when the title-page of every folio bore a summary of the book's contents. This antiquated form was necessitated in the present instance by the ambiguity of the main title; but it adds nothing to the attractiveness of a work which would be more widely read, and would better serve its author's purpose, if that purpose were more carefully concealed. Mr. Tibbles must know that the wrongs he seeks to right will not be righted till the heart of the people has been touched, and he must know that the heart of the people can never be touched by dry reports and wearisome statistics. It is a pity, therefore, that he has given to his work a title which is calculated to repel the casual reader. It would have been worse, however, if he had constructed his whole volume on the plan of the title page. This he has not done. On the contrary, he has written a stirring tale of the Western border—a tale true to the life in the scenes which it describes, and elaborated with all the literary skill its author could command. This, to be sure, is not of the highest order; yet its quality is sufficiently good to assure for the book an audience such as could hardly be secured for a work of similar intention if cast in any other form.

The plot is a simple one. A man named Perkins is caught

cheating by a party of Indians with whom he has been throwing dice. Chased from their tent, he escapes to a log-built "hotel," the windows of which are smashed by his pursuers. Having destroyed the fugitive's wagon, the Indians break camp and leave "for parts unknown." In a bar-room brawl soon afterward, one of the defenders of the hotel receives a mortal wound, and on the following day, a mail coach is robbed, and its occupants murdered and scalped by white men disguised as Indians—a not uncommon ruse. These crimes are laid at the door of the band with whom Perkins played at dice, and the troops are forthwith marched against them. Many lives are sacrificed in the ignoble war that follows; and when it is ended the cheated Indians and a kindred tribe are placed on reservations, there to be starved and tormented into insubordination at an annual loss to the tax-payers and gain to the Indian Ring of \$200,000. The consequences of Perkins's gambling scrape are carefully traced, and it is shown that his roguery with the dice cost the Government \$3,000,000, much of which money found its way into the pockets of Perkins himself. Mr. Tibbles draws a graphic picture of reservation life to illustrate the folly of placing men in a position where they cannot be held responsible by the civil courts for the proper exercise of their power. The leading characters in "Hidden Power" are this Perkins—"the son of a Congressman from Pennsylvania"—a thorough rascal, who, like many other adventurers in the West, finds it to his advantage to stir up Indian wars; Captain Jack—a brave and simple-minded frontiersman, who befriends the Indians whenever he can do so without betraying the interests of the whites; Wilmot—a country lawyer, whose chief aim in life is to extend the protection of the courts over the aborigines; Jennie Walker—a school teacher on the reservation (with whom Wilmot falls in love, and whom he ultimately marries); Mr. Parkman—a Methodist missionary—and his wife; Meha—an Indian maiden, who is deceived and deserted by one Lieut. Blake, and finally, Red Iron—a wise and courageous Indian chief. Then, as a matter of course, there are army officers, Indians, reservation traders, Indian commissioners, Congressmen, Senators, and spies; and many of the whites who are not active agents of the Ring are represented as its unconscious tools. For the soldiers Mr. Tibbles seems to have as much respect as have the Indians themselves; and it is a strikingly suggestive fact that, while the red men fear and suspect the civilians in whose power they are placed, they feel absolute confidence in the fair dealing of their military foes.

The reader of this book may be sure that wherever an Indian trait or custom is described, it is described correctly. The author has lived near the Indians for many years; he has fought them in times long passed; he speaks the language of at least two Indian tribes, and he is skilled in the sign language common to many others. His familiarity with his subject is not, however, his only qualification for the task of writing a book. He has a vigor of style and a simplicity of utterance which smack of the Western soil; and he is no less happy in describing a slight domestic scene than in telling the story of a hard-fought battle on the plains. A passage which occurs in one of the opening chapters of the book exhibits his descriptive manner at its best.

"The Indian woman threw another handful of sticks on the fire. The blaze flashed up and lighted everything in the tent. Jack went over to the side of the girl. The fever had gone down and she seemed to be asleep. The Indians departed one by one, and Jack went outside the tent. Great red streaks were shooting up from the eastern sky. A thousand birds in the branches of the trees burst forth into song. The open stretch of prairie in front was covered with flowers. Young rabbits were playing in and out of the edge of the tall grass. The ponies were feeding leisurely at the end of their lariats. Down near the mouth of the Platte were two or three tents, and a wreath of smoke was curling out at the top of one. To the west, up the Platte, was a small herd of buffalo. In a moment the sun touched the tops of the tall timber on the eastern side of the Missouri River, and then burst upon the circle of tents where Jack stood. All was stillness around him. Even the dogs were quiet. Then one by one the flaps of the tents were thrown back and the village began to stir. Camp-kettles were swung over the fires, which were made out of doors, and the women began to cook. Jack stood still for a long time meditating. He was awakened by hearing a low sweet voice say, 'How came I here?' In a moment he was inside the tent."

Mr. Tibbles is an experienced journalist. He has studied the Indian question on the border lines of American civilization, where, as we all know, it is a burning question. And he has come to the conclusion that the Indian must be granted the protection of the civil law, or remain forever a prey to political thieves.

\* *Hidden Power*. By T. H. Tibbles, of Omaha. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

"Seven Years in South Africa."\*

DR. HOLUB'S account of his seven years' travel in South Africa does not tell of anything new or startling in the way of geographical exploration, nor does the author contribute much that is valuable to any other branch of science except a large and interesting collection of specimens of natural history. In this respect his work does not compare with the records of the exploits of men like Livingstone, Cameron, Pinto, and Prjewalski. But few books of travel have greater charm or novelty than this fresh and naïve narrative by a young Austrian physician. Dr. Holub started on his journey under particularly favorable auspices. He was not sent by any learned society to discover the sources of a river, nor by a board of missions to convert the heathen at the rate of ten thousand dollars apiece. Mere love of adventure and thirst for knowledge prompted him to sell every piece of available property he owned, and with the very small amount which that transaction brought him, and the hard-earned savings of several years, to set out for South Africa. He landed at last at Port Elizabeth, on a hot July afternoon in 1872, with the sum of \$2.50 in his pocket. His adventures and hair-breadth escapes commenced even before he left the ship. During a terrible storm which occurred on the voyage from England to the Cape he was nearly washed overboard, and escaped death by a fortunate accident that was little short of miraculous. To set out to explore Africa with two dollars and a half in his pocket was an undertaking before which even the courage of the young Austrian adventurer failed. The diamond fields of South Africa seemed to him the most promising field for practising his profession of medicine. Where money is made quickly and in great quantity it is spent as quickly and with little forethought; and health is to the adventurous miners as precious a jewel as those which they dig out of the ground. The doctor's first patient was an old miner who contemplated retiring from his hard life to enjoy the benefits of seven years' successful labor. As a remuneration for professional services the stingy diamond digger left to the doctor an old half-rotten tent-hut and a few very shaky objects of household furniture. Dr. Holub gives a very amusing account of this wretched shanty, about eleven feet wide and ten feet long, which served him both as an office and a residence for many months. The whole space was divided into two compartments by a ragged frieze curtain. The larger of the two was the office. It was furnished with a deal table, two rickety chairs, and several chests, which held the doctor's books and drugs. The second room served as bed-room, dining-room, and kitchen. In this miserable hovel the traveller lived until January, 1873, working day and night at his profession, besides acting as his own cook, laundress, and tailor. One stormy January evening, after a long day's work, he came home and found his hut had disappeared; the wind had blown it away. He had then saved enough money to be able to start on a first reconnaissance into the interior. He left Dutoitspan pretty well equipped with the things likely to be needed on a journey to the Transvaal. His account of his journey is naturally of much greater interest now than the author thought at the time he wrote it. Many of the places mentioned have since gained historical fame during the disastrous English campaign against the Boers. His account of the results of missionary work among some of the tribes is most discouraging. They had adopted all the vices of civilization without acquiring any of its benefits. Since the establishment of German and English missions among the Korannas, one of the lowest tribes of South Africa, drunkenness, entailing terrible consequences under that burning climate, has spread at a fearful rate. This degrading vice causes terrible ravages among all the tribes. Dr. Holub refers to it again and again, and even his bright spirits and cheerful temper are clouded at the sight of the misery caused by a bestial habit. He found little children literally starved to death, their parents having sold everything—the skins on which they slept, even the roofs of their huts—for a mouthful of liquor.

During this first expedition the doctor went as far as Wonderfontein in the Transvaal. Richly laden with skins, plants, insects and other trophies, he returned to Dutoitspan and set to work again with such hearty will and good success that in six months he managed to save about £900, which enabled him to start on another and more extended expedition. In November of the same year his party left Dutoitspan. It consisted of the doctor himself, three German friends and a Griqua driver, besides nine dogs, a saddle horse, and eight oxen. It was not the travel-

ler's intention that this should be his chief journey. He purposed to cover about one half of the distance between the diamond fields and the Zambesi, but it was meant to be only a further preparation for the great object of his travels—an expedition into the very heart of Central Africa. It is impossible to give even in outline an account of the stirring adventures of the explorers in this second journey. On one occasion, Dr. Holub had lost his companions. Tormented by thirst and hunger, worn out by fatigue and the heat of a tropical sun, the poor fellow wandered about in delirium for miles and miles. When he awoke he found that he had been nursed and restored by a hospitable native. In spite of all difficulties and hardships he travelled on, crossing in succession the Koranna, Barolong, and Bakulna countries, until he reached Shoshong, in the Limpopo valley, the capital of Khame's kingdom. This is the classical ground of Livingstone's explorations. Holub gives an amusing account of the spread of "civilization" chiefly represented by stovepipe hats, brandy, and bright-hued gingham umbrellas. Livingstone's old friend, Sechele, "king" of Bechuana, told the doctor he was the best looking white man he had ever seen. When the flattered European turned, in astonishment, he caught his royal highness winking one eye at his chief officer. However, the king invited him to tea in his new palace, lately erected "at a cost of three thousand pounds sterling." The account of the tea party is bright and entertaining. The queen was dressed in a cotton gown of Manchester manufacture, and wore a thick woollen shawl from a Yorkshire loom. Holub is rather disgusted with this sort of civilization, which has "vulgarized," he says, the whole of South Africa. He feels delighted and refreshed when he meets King Sekhomo, a genuine old-fashioned savage, who of all the kings we meet in these travels is clothed in the simple but appropriate costume of his ancestors, from Adam down. Having reached Shoshong, Dr. Holub returned once more to his old quarters at Dutoitspan. He arrived at an opportune moment. The measles broke out; the whole colony required his services; and so well were they rewarded that on the 2d of March, 1875, after having spent almost three years on the burning soil of the dark continent, the traveller stood at last upon the threshold of his real purpose; the final expedition to reach the Atlantic at Loanda. But in this he was disappointed. He reached the Zambesi, and there misfortunes overcame him. In going up the great river his boat upset and all his merchandize and valuables were lost in a dangerous rapid. He was taken seriously ill at the same time. Sick and disappointed, he was compelled to return to the Cape, from thence to England, and at last to Austria. The reader will close these volumes with regret at parting from a noble, dauntless, and accomplished gentleman, whose modesty is the surest pledge of the truthfulness of his narrative.

"American Nervousness."\*

WE are beginning in America to find out that we have nerves, and perhaps also we are beginning to discover that nerves have us. It will not be the fault of Dr. Beard and other eminent men of the medical profession if new light is not soon thrown upon various interesting matters in relation to which the profession has hitherto been unwilling to "turn on the lights." Dr. Hammond has recently discussed in a volume intended for popular use the thousand and one antics and delusions which our nerves visit upon us, and with which "witchcraft" and "spiritualism" have made us acquainted. Dr. Beard's late experiments, whereby reluctant young men have been compelled to give up the secrets of their prison house, have been in further elucidation of the same topics; and this volume on American nervousness carries the discussion into our soberer home life. Why is the American girl pretty? Why do so many thousands of good citizens fly annually before "hay fever"? Why have we so much fine oratory and neuralgia? Why so much humor and premature baldness? Why do our brain-workers live so long? It is all because we have the "nervous diathesis." And why do we more than other nations have the "nervous diathesis?" It is because we have civilization. Civilization is at the bottom of many evils; and the evils are good; and all these good evils are essentially American. "A new crop of diseases has sprung up in America, of which Great Britain until lately knew nothing, or but little." "No age, no country, and no form of civilization, not Greece, nor Rome, nor Spain, nor the Netherlands, in the days of their glory, possessed such maladies." They are all "modern, and originally American," and they are due

\* Seven Years in South Africa. By Dr. Emil Holub. Cloth, \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* American Nervousness: Its Causes and Consequences. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1881.

chiefly to our "dryness of air, extremes of heat and cold, *civil and religious liberty*, and the great mental activity made necessary and possible in a new and productive country under such climatic conditions." "Civilization is the one constant factor without which there can be little or no nervousness;" and by "civilization" we mean "steam power, the periodical press, the telegraph, the sciences, and the mental activity of women" *plus* what was anciently meant by the term. And by "nervousness" we mean "nervousness," not that frenzy out of which came the phenomena of "the Jerkers," "the Jumpers" of Maine, "the Rollers," the middle age epidemics; not functional disease, but the "nervous diathesis" out of which functional disease may arise, yet which is in itself not altogether an unmixed evil. It is shown in a hundred ways, of which Dr. Beard pauses to enumerate seventy-four. The sum of all is nervous bankruptcy. To have this "nervous diathesis" we must have first of all "a fine organization"—that is "fine, soft hair, delicate skin, nicely chiselled features, small bones, tapering extremities." "It is frequently associated with superior intellect, and with a strong and active emotional nature." "It is the organization of the civilized, refined, and educated, rather than of the barbarous and low-born and untrained—of women more than of men." But this same nervous diathesis is a protector of human life, because inflammations and fevers scarcely dwell in the same tenement with it. Stimulants and narcotics work mischief with it, and consequently in America "drinking is becoming a lost art." Excessive eating is incompatible with the "nervous diathesis," and pork is getting dethroned. Hence the good in things evil. We must say that preciseness of definition and clearness of statement—a logical arrangement of arguments, or arguments supported by arrays of facts, or the statistical methods of proof which the great scientific writers of this age, like Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, or the sociological writers, like Herbert Spencer, have made famous—are not Dr. Beard's strong points, and much that is suggestive and valuable in his work is lost to the popular sense in a tangle of what will seem contradictory statements, and much ire will be provoked in the genuine scientific mind by the doctor's sudden and vast generalizations on a basis of facts at once meagre and insecure. Yet the book with all its faults as to literary finish is startling and full of interest.

#### "Saints and Sinners."\*

AN attempt to give to the French drama and novel a sounder basis than adulterous love-making is obvious of late. Playwrights and novelists are alike trying to pivot their *dramatis personæ* on the more advanced ideas of the day. Victorien Sardou in his "Daniel Rochat," and Victor Cherbuliez in "Noirs et Rouges," bring political economy, atheistic science, and conservative piety into the field, and placing them in combative juxtaposition, endeavor to inspire their pleasure-loving countrymen with a taste for serious things. There is no reason, moreover, why these graver subjects, circumstances favoring, should not become the fashion: the only question is how to handle them. In "Noirs et Rouges" we have the clergy and modern science set *aux prises*, as it were: the "Noirs," the priesthood; the "Rouges," progress, or rather those ultra ideas of liberty which the French persistently confound with pure republicanism. The clerical element in the story is cleverly managed. Jetta Maulabret, the heroine, who stands for conservatism of faith, piety without superstition, obedience without compulsion; Mother Amélie, the matron of the hospital, who represents petrified religiosity; her acolyte, the oily Mongeron, a personification of grasping Jesuitism, are finely portrayed, and stand in happy contrast with the positivism of science, as represented in the celebrated surgeon Antonin Cantarel, and misconceived republicanism, as seen in his brother Louis. These personages form, as it were, the foreground of the picture. For middle and back ground we have Valport, the lover (a painfully weak lover), Madame de Moisieux, an intriguing marquise; her good-for-nothing son Lesin, and her Italian page. If the last two were intended for strong shadows, they scarcely fulfil their purpose. Evil, as an art-element, must, to be effective nowadays, present stronger points than the hackneyed infidelities and commonplace *roueries*, upon which most of the modern French novels are built. The world is getting tired of such wishy-washy immorality. French literary art had in earlier times a stronger woof. There was in its darker elements a sombre ferocity; but the later com-

positions, passing through the filter of civilization, have so little body left that it is a marvel they can subsist at all. The scenery in "Noirs et Rouges," on the other hand, is well adapted to the purposes of the story, and stimulates the reader's curiosity from the first. We like the Christmas eve in the convent-school with which the novel opens; the hospital interior, with all its homely situations, sometimes touching, sometimes repulsive; the ambitious villa, with its plebeian proprietor and mysterious mistress. Madame Cantarel is almost a George Eliot conception. We read in the shadowy lines under which the author introduces her to us, the reserve forces, the untold capabilities of human nature. She is shrouded in a sort of passive insignificance; but here and there the veil is lifted, and we naturally expect to see her presently turn out to be one of the mainsprings in the catastrophe. The story moreover is briskly told; the events succeed each other without any of those tedious episodes, only distantly connected with the tale, which so often retard and encumber the thread of the narrative in Victor Hugo's works. The characters are well defined: we recognize in their delineations the dexterous *coup de crayon* of the author; they stand too in such good perspective that we see at once the relations they hold to each other. The dialogue flows as from a living spring. This conversational power is one of Cherbuliez's distinguishing traits. To open any of his books is to find one's self in some familiar place, and hear people familiarly discussing their affairs. Nature is evidently his model, and he copies her in all sincerity. Why is it, then, that with such good material, and such talent as the author undeniably possesses, he does not build a more substantial fabric? Why do all these characters, which in the beginning promise so much, give so little in the end? As we approach the dénouement, each and every one seems to become a ghost. M. Cherbuliez set forth, with admirable clearness, in a series of articles in *La Revue Germanique*, some twenty-five years ago, the laws that should govern every work of art; and from some of his earlier productions ("A propos d'Un Cheval," and "Le Prince Vitale") we expected to find in him a leader of his profession. Why has this expectation not been realized?

#### A Book for Book Lovers.\*

HERE is as pleasant a little book as one could wish to see. There is a fine, firm woodcut frontispiece drawn by Walter Crane and engraved by Swain of London. There are fifteen other woodcuts picked by Mr. Austin Dobson from English illustrated books to embellish his chapter thereon. There are two chromo-lithographs of rich inlaid bindings, and there is a fac-simile of a rubricated title-page of a "Rommant de la Rose," sold by one Galliot, book-vender, "at the first pillar of the grand hall of the Palace," in the year 1529. Then there are a pair of poems, delicate little octaves, signed "A. D.," and quite in the Dobsonian manner. One of these introduces the book, while the other delivers the exit-speech. Indeed, this last is a curiosity of literature, for it is perhaps the only rhyming colophon whereof we have record. Here it is:

"Of making many books," 'twas said,  
"There is no end;" and who thereon  
The ever-running ink doth shed  
But proves the words of Solomon:  
Wherefore we now, for colophon,  
From London's city drear and dark,  
In the year Eighteen Eighty-one,  
Reprint them at the press of Clark.

Then too there is a rondeau "en bouquinant," written in choice old French, and bearing the initials of the chief author of the book—"A. L." And then there is an index, slight but seemingly sufficient. We have called Mr. Lang the chief author of the book because many hands have worked together in the making of it. First of all, the Art at Home series is edited by Mr. W. J. Loftie, and in the prefatory note we are told that he has contributed to the present volume the most of the pages on the illuminated and other MSS. and also those on early printed books. Then Mr. Austin Dobson has written the whole of the fourth and final chapter, besides contributing the two poemlets referred to. And Mr. Lang also gives credit to Mr. Ingram Bywater for various hints. But altogether, in whatever proportion the praise be due, the book is charming. It is a book about books, and they are nearly always charming. It is a book of advice, not to the

\* Saints and Sinners (Noirs et Rouges). By Victor Cherbuliez. Appleton's Journal.

\* The Library. By Andrew Lang. Art at Home Series. Cloth, \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

ordinary collector of books, not to the maker of an ordinary library, not to the person who gets together the books no "gentleman's library should be without," but to the bibliomaniac, to the lover of books for their own sake, to the collector—and of course to the British collector. For although French books are bountifully cited, Americana are conspicuous by their absence; there is no mention of Eliot's Indian Bible, of which there is not likely ever to be a revised edition; there is no word about the Bay Psalm book; there is no consolation for the collector who seeks vainly for those plays, Burke's "Battle of Bunker Hill" and Dunlap's "André"; and there is no word of warning to the beginner that the second edition of the latter, called "The Glory of Columbia, her Yeomanry," whatever its literary superiority, is far less interesting and less valuable to the collector. In his first chapter Mr. Lang makes a pleasant apology for the book-hunter. In his second he discusses the library and its arrangement, with chance remarks on book-cases, on the enemies of books—whereof Mr. Blades wrote most entertainingly of late—on book-binding, on book-plates (with the quotation in full of a "Book-plate's Petition" written in quaint Old English style by Mr. Austin Dobson), on cleansing recipes, and on the need of owning catalogues. In his third chapter he considers the books which delight the soul of the collector—manuscripts, early printed books, books on vellum, uncut copies, Aldines and Elzevirs, etc. The fourth chapter, on illustrated books, is written, as we have said, by Mr. Dobson, and it is an admirable specimen of his graceful style and competent criticism. All who have enjoyed his monograph on Horace will be pleased to find these jottings on Stothard, Blake, Bewick, Cruikshank, Thackeray, Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier, and the more recent English draughtsmen on wood. He even spares a little space for a consideration of the "new American school," of which he speaks in terms of commendation.

#### Victor Hugo's Last Poem.\*

At an age when most men have ceased from literary labor the old poet of France seems to be enjoying his Indian summer. After much sterile production he has returned to his earliest manner, and has put forth a work that is more than worthy of his reputation. The name of "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit" is borrowed from a little street in the Latin quarter where Victor Hugo learned his literary and political creed, and the book is said to be intended as a poetic commentary on his life. Its sub-titles suggest its character. In the "Livre Satirique," one looks for the fiery indignation of the "Châtiments"; in the "Livre Dramatique," for the color of "Ruy Blas"; in the "Livre Lyrique," for the idyls of the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois" and the odes of the "Contemplations"; and in the "Livre Epique," for a continuation of the "Légende des Siècles." This expectation is not wholly fulfilled. The satire of the first book is less bitter than of old. The people have won their cause; monarchies and priest-hoods have gone down before them; and, as the victors raise their arm to strike, the bard enters the arena and exhorts them to clemency.

"Peuple, le philosophe est le témoin sévère;  
Si Jésus s'envolait féroce du Calvaire,  
Et venait à son tour crucifier Satan,  
Je dirais à Jésus: Tu n'es pas Dieu. Va t'en!"

The second book contains a comedy, "Margarita," and a drama, "Esca," both forming a single work with the title "Les deux trouvaillés de Gallus." It is the story of a Duke of Suabia who seeks the love of Lison, a village maiden. Lison, who is betrothed to the farmer Harou, finds herself suddenly in a fairyland of love. Invisible hands place diamonds in her hair; little negroes hold looking-glasses before her; gigantic negroes adorn her with rubies and sapphires; and when Harou comes by in his wagon the pretty peasant refuses to notice him and takes her seat in the coach of Monseigneur Gallus. In his palace she tries to be happy for a time; but amid all the music and flowers that surround her she feels the bitterness of dishonor, and hates the man who is the cause of it.

"Oh! glaner dans le blé  
M'éveiller, m'en aller, sereine et reposée  
L'âme dans la candeur, les pieds dans la rosée  
J'avais cela! j'avais la sainte pauvreté!  
Maintenant je vois croître autour de moi l'été,  
L'hiver, sans fin, sans cesse, un luxe énorme, étrange,

\* Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit. By Victor Hugo. Paris: Hetzel & Quantin.

Fait de plaisir, de pourpre, et d'orgueil—et de fange!  
Je n'ai plus rien, je râle, et tout me manque enfin!  
Le mépris c'est le froid; l'estime c'est la faim.  
Je dois cette indigence à vos tristes manœuvres,  
Monseigneur!

(Elle arrache ses parures.)

O colliers et bracelets, couleuvres!  
O diamants hideux et vils! bijoux méchants!  
Bijoux traitres!

(Elle les foule aux pieds.)

Où donc êtes-vous, fleurs des champs?

Then, after much agony, taking a ring from her bosom, she touches her lips with it, and her lover cries, "Ciel! mais c'est un poison! la mort terrible et prompt!" Sinking back on the divan she replies:

"Boire la mort n'est rien, quand on a bu la honte.  
Adieu. Je prends mon vol, triste oiseau des forêts.  
Personne ne m'aima. Je meurs."

As she dies her lover throws himself at her feet sobbing "Je t'adorais!" And with this cry of love the play ends.

The transition from the melodramatic to the lyric is never difficult to Victor Hugo. The third book discloses a lightness of poetic touch which is quite foreign to his later work. His song of the "Parisien du Faubourg" is in Béranger's best manner, depicting the workman of the capital in all his moods, now seated cheerily in the gallery of a theatre, now lying drunk under the table, and at last, when the crisis comes, rising in his might:

"Prenant dans ses poings le feu,  
Sonnant l'heure solennelle,  
Ayant l'homme sous son aile,  
Et dans sa prune Dieu."

And, surely, it is pleasant to see the poet young again, to find his political rhapsodies laid aside and replaced by odes to the birds and the clouds, by the memory of happy days spent beside the brook or on the hill-side. The daintiest of Elizabethan poets could not have outdone the grace of his lines to an unknown princess:

"Dans la haute demeure,  
Dont l'air est étouffant;  
De l'accent dont on pleure,  
Tu chantes, douce enfant.  
Autour de toi se creuse  
L'éclatant sort des rois.  
Tu serais plus heureuse  
Fauvette dans les bois."

But the work ends in a heroic vein. The fourth book is the story of the Revolution. Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., seated on horses of bronze are condemned to see their sins expiated in the person of Louis XVI. A decapitated head, dripping with blood, passes out of the shade. One of the kings addresses it:

"Et d'où viens-tu?"  
"Du trône. O rois, l'aube est terrible."  
"Spectre, quelle est là-bas cette machine horrible?"  
"C'est la fin," dit la tête au regard sombre et doux.  
"Et qui donc l'a construite?"

"O mes pères, c'est vous."

#### Heine's Poems in English.\*

THERE is no poet whose thoughts and words it is so difficult to render into a foreign language as Heinrich Heine's. The characteristics which distinguish him as one of the greatest lyric poets do not belong to any particular country. He is at times the most German of Germans, as patriotic as Arndt, as enthusiastic over the shady solitudes of the German forests and the blue waters of the Rhine as Eichendorf, and he can be as effusive and overflowing with sentiment or even sentimentality as Chamisso or Rückert. His broad Greek pantheism is as serene and imposing as that of Goethe; he has often been compared to Byron; his humor is sometimes as tender as Sterne's, again as savage and gross as Swift's; and M. Thiers called him the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire. Many experiments have been made to make the works of this extraordinary and prolific genius known to English speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic, and as regards his prose writings they have been more or less successful. But previous attempts to render his poetry into English verse have proved futile. To say that Miss Lazarus's rendering into English of several hundred of Heine's most beautiful poems is the best would be paying

\* Poems and Ballads by Heinrich Heine. Translated by Emma Lazarus. With Biographical Sketch. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: R. Worthington.

her a small compliment. Little can be said in favor of the three most widely known previous translators of Heine—Leland, Stigand, and Theodore Martin. If Mr. Leland had translated the poet's "Reisebilder" into the jargon of the Hans Breitmann ballads, he would at least have amused his readers, and escaped many actual mistranslations which might have been avoided by consulting a school dictionary. Mr. Stigand, in his voluminous biography of the poet, gives translations of many of the best known verses. They form the most worthless portion of his work. Stigand, who judges Heine from the somewhat limited point of view of a Church of England churchman, betrays on every page of his two bulky volumes the most intense dislike and the grossest ignorance of Germany and of the thoughts and moods of the German people. His attempt to make English readers familiar with a poet, who, in spite of all abuse, loved Germany better than anything else, and whose songs and thoughts are more deeply rooted in the heart of the German people than those of any man, living or dead, was as unsuccessful as it was presumptuous. Mr. Martin, as he informs us on the title page of his book, has "done" into English some of the poet's songs and ballads. He has "done" him indeed; done him as an Eton boy would do Pope or Dryden into Greek elegiacs or sapphics. Leland's and Stigand's attempts are pencil copies of a masterpiece of painting, made by incompetent beginners, crooked, out of drawing, and wholly out of proportion. Martin's version may be compared to an untouched photograph, correct in outline, but wanting in warmth and softness of color, in graceful contrasts of light and shade. Miss Lazarus's version is a copy of an artist's work, made by an artist's hand. The translator is in sympathy with the author's most subtle thoughts and fancies. The sense of humor is not generally strongly developed in women, but Miss Lazarus not only understands and appreciates this most charming phase of the author's genius, against which Mr. Stigand bashfully rebels, but she is able to render it in language so epigrammatic that nothing of the original strength and freshness is lost.

Miss Lazarus has given selections from almost every period of the author's productions, appropriately beginning her volume with the two beautiful sonnets "To My Mother." She has rendered the spirit of purest filial devotion which breathes in these two poems with the faithfulness of a deeply affectionate nature. She is equally happy, a few pages further on, in the graceful, amorous tone of the Spanish romance "Donna Clara." The music of these verses is as fascinating and realistic as that of the original. In the following romance, "Don Ramiro," the gloomy features of that spectral drama are rendered with great force. Nothing could show more forcibly the versatility of Heine's genius than the poem which follows, in Miss Lazarus's collection, this powerful piece. The romantic story of "Tannhäuser," which has inspired poets, painters, and musicians, is treated by Heine in his own peculiar fashion; lofty pathos and wildest passion are interspersed by passages of banter and grim humor. With the same ease with which the author changes his tone from the sublime to the ridiculous, Miss Lazarus follows him through every variation in this poem. Her appreciation of his humor is perhaps best shown in the piteous complaint of Pluto after his marriage, who thinks hell only became hell on Proserpina's arrival. When she scolds, he cannot even hear Cerberus's barking. He envies Sisyphus and the fair Danaïdes. Proserpina's lament is no less appalling. She is longing for congenial society. She has invited Charon to dinner, but the bald-headed, thin-legged, old ferry man and the dismally-eyed three judges, are no company for the beautiful daughter of Ceres. The translator has rendered the humor of this satire with absolute fidelity. The second division of this collection contains the series "Rückkehr"—Homeward Bound—comprising a large portion of the "Buch der Lieder." All of these poems have also been translated by Mr. Martin. It is impossible to give extracts here, by way of comparison, but by referring to THE CRITIC of June 4th, the reader will be able to judge for himself of the character of Miss Lazarus's work.

#### Religious Unbelief.\*

THE Trustees of the Cunningham Foundation did a graceful thing in asking a prominent theologian of the United Presbyterian Church to fill the Lectureship for 1880; and that Church has no worthier representative than Dr. Cairns—no one more fit for such an appointment. In more than one respect he approaches—since

he is human it is no disparagement to say he does not actually reach it—the standard of that ideal historian of sceptical thought who, while apprehending broad movements in their relations with each other, should enter fully into the mental life of each man that questions or denies, should follow his development with a close intellectual sympathy and yet pass beyond the doubt or negation with which he stops and point out its inherent defects from the ground of a victorious faith. Dr. Cairns is thoroughly candid and thoroughly kind. There is no bitterness or extravagance; at times there is even tenderness, as at the close of his delineation of Hume; and there is a generous breadth of view, as in the appreciation of Germany's service in the world of thought. While the lecturer is free from the spirit that sternly condemns, he is also free from the sentimentality which, on the strength of some casual utterance, is over-eager to claim a sceptic as a Christian. Indeed, we do not remember to have seen a more just recognition of the inward conflicts of doubting minds, their confusion, vacillation, and uncertainty, their progress and retrogression—Voltaire's inconsistent weakness at the end of life, Lessing's fluctuations of belief. Dr. Cairns's judgment is always discriminating, his analysis is rapid and sure, his portrayal quite distinct, and his condensed sentences are natural in style. The chief criticism upon the lectures would be that the subject is too large for them. There are only six in all and but three of these are devoted to the eighteenth century. The others set forth the unbelief of earlier and later times for the purpose of comparison. The treatment in them all is therefore hardly more than that of an outline sketch, filled in only here and there—a clear sketch, however, and drawn by a master hand. In addition to the names already given, we may call attention to the pages on Gibbon, Eichhorn, Reimarus, and Kant. The last lecture presents three men as types of unbelief in the nineteenth century—Strauss, Rénan, and Mill. These serve the purpose fairly well. We might wonder that the philosophy of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, the pessimism beyond which there is no deeper depth, should be virtually ignored, but Dr. Cairns seems to have chosen his men with special reference to Biblical criticism. That being the case, it was certainly wise to take Strauss, rather than Baur, as a representative of critical unbelief in Germany. Baur was the stronger and keener man, and his influence on Bible study has been far greater than that of Strauss, but Baur's criticism was as much constructive as destructive, and false as his principle of construction may have been, his work has been fruitful in the best sense, while Strauss was a destroyer only. We must not omit to mention the valuable appended notes.

#### "The School of Life."

WHATEVER Mr. Alger writes is sure to be scholarly. He lives in an atmosphere of books and scholarly meditation, and from his outlook in some snug library by the wayside he sees a busy, perhaps a heedless, certainly a careless, world passing by, and he would fain coax them in, give them a leather-cushioned arm-chair, and invite them to a philosophical conversation. He has a great respect for this outside world, and sincerely believes that much might be done with it, if, as Dr. Johnson says of a Scotchman, "it could be caught young," and introduced into the aforesaid wayside library, there to be saturated with old philosophies, soothed with some mild transcendental emollient, and drenched in a perfumed Oriental bath. This little volume—only 205 pages—is in his old vein, simple, didactic, not overcrowded with novel or startling ideas; finished in form—a little over-finished in one sense—too crowded, that is, with trope and simile and metaphor. It is the School of Life which he is aiming to picture to us, and the figure of speech is no idle one, confined to the title-page, but goes all through the book as pervasive as the church temple is in good, quaint old George Herbert. The world is a vast school-building, God the founder of the school. The nations are its various rooms. Our Desires are schoolmasters, from whom we cannot escape—these, and Ideas, Labor, Luxury, Experience, Social Influence. It is "a common, mutual, monitorial school," and the monitors are "great men, the laurelled heads of immortal genius, lifted above the roaring flood of decay"—men like Arnold, Oberlin, St. Ambrose, Aristotle, Dante, Newton. The books are Nature, and all good words and deeds; and just how masters and pupils should work together for good is told at length. The chief blemish of the book, in our judgment, is that this same figure of the school is worked too hard.

\* Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century. Cunningham Lectures for 1880. By John Cairns, D.D. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* The School of Life. By William R. Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

## The Critic

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### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN the May number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. George Edward Woodberry dogmatizes in a singular way concerning the "Fortunes of Literature under the American Republic." "Among us," he writes, "literature has no continuous tradition; where the torch fell, it was extinguished. Irving, it is true, had imitators who came to nothing; but our fiction does not seem to be different because Hawthorne lived; no poet has caught the music of Longfellow; no thinker carries forward the conclusions of Emerson. These men have left no lineage. . . . We have not earned the right to claim them as a national possession." The merest tyro in the study of American literature can unravel this flimsy web of sophistries. In the first place we have yet to learn that in the sense of producing imitators, the influence of a man of genius is beneficial. On the contrary, we consider the shoal of imitators of the few first-class living poets of England—Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne, and Browning—one of the worst pests of contemporary literature. Who cares a fig for the imitators of Thackeray, of Dickens, of Carlyle? All these great men have marked mannerisms of style which make them the easy prey of a host of petty tricksters, who do all in their power by a cheap imitation of the outward form to disgust the world with the original, inimitable thought. The modern novel was invented, not by an Englishman, but by Balzac; Thackeray did not take up the torch extinguished in the hands of Scott, but appropriated what was his own in the immense world discovered by the Frenchman. It may be remembered, too, that contemporary English criticism declared Dickens's early work to be imitative of an American's—Irving. What would be said of an American who placed himself so conspicuously and shamelessly under the guidance of foreign leaders, as did Carlyle under the banner of Germany? The language which we share in common with England gives a false air of resemblance to productions that have infinitely less in common than have those of Carlyle with the works of Jean-Paul and the German romantic school.

Emerson stands isolated by his superiority in the sense that all men of genius are isolated, even from their followers; but whoever fails to see in Emerson's works the flowering of a distinctively American school of thought and habit of life, fails to understand the essential spirit of his teachings. Moreover, "his conclusions" are "carried forward," and to their extreme development, by a fellow-townsmen of his own, only second to him in intellectual force, and with a still stronger local flavor—the poet-naturalist, Henry Thoreau. Again, in our own generation it is difficult to conceive of, otherwise than as a successor of these two, the keen-eyed observer of Nature and charming reporter of her open secrets, John Burroughs. Individual and sincere though he be, the influence of Emerson and Thoreau is strongly felt through his writings, which could have been produced nowhere else than in America. Let Mr. Woodberry take up any number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, any volume of New England essays or poetry, and judge whether the influence, as subtle as it is strong, of the transcendental idealist Emerson has not penetrated through all superficial practicalities and vulgarities to the very fibre of our best intellectual life. Is Mr. Woodberry quite fair in selecting Donatello as the representative type of Hawthorne's genius, and adding, "Except for the accident of the author's birth, the charac-

ter would be as welcome in England as in America?" This is as if we should choose "Romola" for our example, and say, "Except for the accident of George Eliot's birth, she would be as welcome in Italy as in England." In each case we unjustly exclude the essentially national and even more powerful works of the same author. What foreigner could have given us the inside view of New England Puritanism presented in the "Scarlet Letter," or have created the character of Hester Prynne? Did not the history of Salem "contribute an important element to the growth of Hawthorne's genius," which we have "a right to claim as a national possession?" Why does Mr. Woodberry persistently put forward, as the only American poet, Longfellow, and ignore (except as a writer of sensational tales) Edgar Poe, "whose cup was small, but who drank from his own glass," as emphatically as did Alfred de Musset, or Keats, or Tennyson? Is it by accident that Walt Whitman was born in America, or Lowell, or Holmes, or Bret Harte, or the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or, to come down to the present moment, the men who wrote the "Fool's Errand," and "Creole Days?" "To-day," affirms Mr. Woodberry, "American authors make their reputation by English criticism, and American magazines are rivals for English pens." It is surprising that so ridiculously obsolete a tradition as this should still endeavor to pass current. The *Atlantic Monthly* has never depended for its reputation upon foreign contributions, and it is notorious that the success of *Scribner's Monthly* and of *Harper's* has been based upon their national character.

For evils that do not exist, Mr. Woodberry is at no loss to discover causes equally mythical. He complains of the lack of good critics, and describes the habit of American critics as being simply to "give a synopsis of the work before them"; yet, after reading French, German, Italian, and English articles, amid the flood of criticisms upon Carlyle, with which the world has been deluged since his death, we found by far the most discriminating and intelligent analysis of his genius among the essays of an American—Mr. Lowell; while one of the most just and sympathetic estimates of Carlyle's personality appeared in a Boston magazine over the signature of the elder Henry James; and Emerson's reminiscences, published in a New York monthly, painted a portrait that could have come only from the hand of a master. Mr. Stedman, in his criticisms of American and English poets, Mr. Henry James, Jr., in his volume on the French poets and novelists, and, in their more elaborate and critical articles, Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Howells, compare favorably with the leading European critics. So far from true is it that "American authors make their reputation by English criticism" that we do not hesitate to reject and ridicule the English verdict of men whom we consider ourselves better fitted to understand—as in the case of a certain poet, whom all the lion hunters of London could not foist upon America as anything higher than a second-rate singer. On the other hand, in some instances, American critics have founded the reputation of English books. Carlyle's now hackneyed sentence "I hear many echoes, but only one voice—from Concord," ascribes to the right quarter the first rumor of his fame. It is less well-known, but equally true, that the same authoritative voice was among the first to proclaim the greatness of the authors of the "Idylls of the King," and "Peg Woffington." In short, we cannot help thinking that the literary history of the past fifty years in America contrasts favorably with that of the past fifty years in England—the only period with which it can, with any show of justice, be compared.

E. P. DUTTON & Co. will publish in September a volume of sermons by the late Bishop Odenheimer of New Jersey, with an introductory memoir edited by his wife.

### "Matrimony."\*

MR. NORRIS'S novel is the literary event of—we were about to say the year, but catching, perhaps, a little of the author's cynical manner, we will limit ourselves to the month. The book is singularly free from descriptions; but having had a great deal of Mr. Black lately, we are inclined to relish the Homeric method of dismissing an excursion with the remark, "It was a great success, that yachting trip!" The story is interesting, though not thrilling; but the charm of the book lies in its bits of talk and of characterization. It has been called cynical; but there are two kinds of cynicism; that which tries to make things not actually ridiculous appear so, and that which simply enjoys the ridiculousness of things that are ridiculous. Mr. Norris himself is no cynic; as we know from his tender treatment of poor absurd Miss Potts; from his making so much out of commonplace "Freddy;" from his endowing Varinka with the caricature of a conscience, and trying to persuade us that women of her type are physically incapable of telling the truth; from his making "Old Knowles" confess that he could not for the life of him help being civil to a bore, and from his allowing the only charming person in his book to wear a ring given her by its greatest rascal. There are cynics in his book; it is true; but having introduced them, he is obliged to make them cynical. Moreover, we strongly suspect Mr. Norris of introducing these very cynics for the purpose of showing them to be less black than they are painted; the worst of his old ladies confesses at last that "a little unearned forgiveness is a better thing" to bestow than a well-deserved beating; the worst of his old gentlemen gives considerable "unearned forgiveness" and undeserved money to his improvident heir in a chapter which is one of the most delightful in the book; and although most of the marriages are unfortunate, we are inclined to say as Claude did to his father, it "does not prove much against matrimony as an institution, but only shows that one should be careful whom one marries." A remarkable feature of the book is the rounding of each character. Mr. Norris seems entirely free from that temptation to work up an entire personality from a single trait which was the bane of Dickens, and which made even George Eliot forget that a man of the world might be "a man for a' that." Gervis is another Grandcourt, though older and sadder; but one side of his nature cannot be called less than lovely: his ability to realize that "rascality arises mainly out of adverse circumstances." It is impossible to despise a man who, although he was never known to speak a generous word, was also never known to do an ungenerous action.

We are tempted to quote at length from the old lady who rebuked her grandson by reading the Bible aloud and giving him to understand by somewhat pointed emphasis that he was no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; from the old gentleman who had stared at most of the kings and emperors of the world but never saw one to compare in sublimity of carriage with a lord-lieutenant; from the youth who resented with the natural fervor of a very young man, the imputation that he was "easily shocked;" or from the father and son separating, one to make an imprudent marriage and the other to repent of one, while each in his heart pities the other; but we must content ourselves with saying that it is no small part of Mr. Norris's power that out of quite ordinary incidents and extremely ordinary people he has made a book fuller of rich enjoyment for the reader than almost anything since "Pendennis." Thackeray called "Vanity Fair" a novel without a hero. Mr. Norris might go further and call "Matrimony" a novel without a hero or a heroine. But Geneviève might easily have been lifted to the level of average literary heroines.

### Greek Oratory.†

THE Frenchman is peculiarly well qualified to sit in judgment on the Greek. The keen sensibility, the fine insight, and artistic perception of the Gallic mind find a natural sympathy with what was best in the best period of Athenian culture, and we are not surprised, therefore, at finding so appreciative an exposition and so keenly incisive a criticism of Athenian eloquence as this work of M. Brédif's presents. While Demosthenes, the finest outcome of Greek oratory, is the main theme of the book, and the centre of interest throughout, Greek eloquence in its three periods is fully and abundantly celebrated. In the opening chapters of this translation we have a sketch of Hellenic oratory and the peculiarities of Hellenic politics which made Athens the central and chief

cultivator of the rhetorician's art. She was democratic. Every man spoke for himself. He had full weight, by law and practice and by invincible custom, before the jury and the public meeting for whatever his mind could think or his tongue utter. It lay in the institutions of Athens as in those of no other state, to make a complete showing of the citizen's mind and mental results. Consequently the Athenian became by force of circumstances an orator. But he became so through three marked stages. In the period culminating in Pericles he was an extempore speaker. That is, however carefully he had meditated his speech, it was neither written out nor delivered from notes. This form of eloquence was all-powerful in the assembly, but very few specimens of it have been handed down to posterity. For the century succeeding this the sophist produced the eloquence of the law courts, and largely also of the public assemblies, by the liberal use of the midnight oil. He polished and sold his oration, rarely used it himself. He was neither a stump orator nor a forensic advocate, but he developed the written Attic language to its highest point, until it became capable of expressing every shade of thought and conveying every subtlety of reasoning. But this excellence had its counterpoising defect. Language became a stiletto, a rapier, a delicately-tipped and easily-poisoned weapon, more useful to the knave than to the honest man. It had been prepared by a cunning hand in the workshop. It could be used by an ignoramus in the forum. The third stage was but a blending of the other two, and culminated in Demosthenes, who perfected his orations in the study, thundered them from the bema, polished and pruned them afterward, as Cicero did, and passed them down, like thunderbolts which had done their tremendous work, to be handled and admired by posterity.

The necessities of the great struggle with Philip of Macedon brought the perfection of this third stage. In proceeding to discuss Demosthenes the writer reviews at considerable length the rise and career of Philip, the corrupt decay of Athens. The constitution of courts and assemblies, the methods of legal proceedings, get a full treatment. The "ins and outs" of politics, the personal piques at Athens, the wily by-play of demagogues, the long arm of the briber, the tricks of the machine politician—all these are well presented. M. Brédif's work is not pedantic or petty; it is not superficial, but evinces a thorough knowledge of all parts of the subject, a habit of careful analysis, an acute critical perception, a quick, bold judgment, and a widely varied and rich illustration. In style it is essentially Gallic, epigrammatic—not diffuse, nor yet too terse—brilliant and sparkling, clear in arrangement, logical in deduction. The writer brings to bear, in his discussion of the aims and methods of oratorical effort, the views of the masters in that branch—Roman, Grecian, and French, from Aristotle, yes, from Homer, down to Bossuet and Rousseau—but misses, we should judge, the German, for which both as Frenchman and student of forensic eloquence we must, perhaps, excuse him, though as analyst and logician we might complain.

THE latest addition to the curiosities of literature has been made by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. in the shape of a new book ("Truth in Religion, or Honesty in our Faith and Worship") by the Rev. J. B. Gross, who seems to be a Unitarian minister of the extreme type. Of all the silly books that have been written upon the subject of religion, we hold this to be the silliest. We will not say it is the silliest that could be written, for the same man may write another. It is to be feared, indeed, that he will, for he tells us in his preface, "my mission is God-appointed." Some idea of his peculiar style may be gained from this passage on the first page of the book: "Man should never by ignoring reason, place himself more or less upon a level with the brute, and, hence, commit a heinous sin, which, by the by, the brute cannot do, for the simple reason that it is not, like he, a moral agent." Sometimes Mr. Gross is betrayed into the expression of such wild paradoxes as "A knowledge of comparative theology, acquaints us with the interesting and highly instructive fact, that there exists an exceedingly great number of religious creeds among the different races of men." The punctuation is the author's own: he is original in everything. Then, with what a winning, genial charity does this God-appointed missionary speak of those who differ from his views and particularly the "so-called orthodox clergy!" The latter, he informs us, "are largely and notoriously guilty both of a crass and most disgraceful narrow-mindedness and bigotry as well as of cant and hypocrisy: vices, which cannot fail to attach an indelible stain to their memory."

\* *Matrimony*. By W. E. Norris. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.  
† *Political Eloquence in Greece*. Demosthenes: With Extracts from his Orations. By L. Brédif. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

## Minor Notices.

THERE is no villain in the second story\* of the Round Robin Series, but there is an amount of peculiar behavior on the part of all the principal characters which, if confined to one, would disqualify a person for being received into the best society. The heroes and heroines are not blinded to each other's weaknesses by love, nor is there the least attempt at personal concealment of their own; but after the frankest possible exhibition of unexampled impertinence in the gentleman and alternate heartlessness and sentimentality in the fair widow, they continue to fall in love and to be loved with a pertinacity not easily understood by the average spectator. The book begins well (with a spirited interview between an old lawyer and a lady who, "with the shallowness of her sex going straight to the point," persists in understanding her case better than he does himself); and it improves toward the close, being redeemed from disagreeableness by Doris—bright, natural, charming Doris, whose only fault is that having once treated the hero as he deserved, she should so soon forget that he is undeserving. We are inclined to give the authorship to the author of "Nimpo" and "Tritons."

The substance of this slender volume was read † at a recent meeting of the Long Island Historical Society. It contains a history of the Passion Play, an outline of the plot, and an account of the last performance. It will strengthen the reader's desire to visit the southern highlands of Bavaria in the summer of 1890, while increasing his aversion to a reproduction of the sacred drama in this country. The book is illustrated with designs of the theatre, and portraits of the leading characters.

"The Home of Fiesole"‡ is a slight story of warm religious tone, owing its interest to the person of Savonarola, who figures largely in it. It is not critical or even discriminating in the portrayal of his character, but the writer has intense sympathy with the lofty ill-fated endeavor made by Savonarola and his followers to realize the kingdom of Christ in the life of Florence. It is a good book for Sunday-school libraries, where it will doubtless find a place.

## Obituary Notes.

A NOTABLE man of letters died in France at the beginning of the present month. Maximilien Paul Emile Littré will be long remembered as the author of that vast work, the "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française." But it was not simply as a lexicographer that he established his fame on a lasting basis. His edition of the remains of Hippocrates would of itself place him in the front rank of scholars of the Nineteenth century. He was eminent, too, not only as a philologist and as a student of medicine, but as a publicist and a philosopher. Having in the year 1844, or thereabouts, become a disciple of Auguste Comte, he remained a materialist to his dying day. This change of faith proved a life-long sorrow to his wife, a devout worshipper, who sought by every means in her power to guide him back to the straight and narrow path of Roman Catholicism. Many anecdotes are told of her well-meant but ineffective efforts in this direction; and as many more are related in illustration of Littré's extraordinary qualities of heart and mind, his industry, his modesty, his catholicity, his tremendous power of absorption in whatever work his right hand found to do. Many years ago he was renowned for his physical prowess. Indeed, nothing but the frame of a Hercules could have supported the intense strain which he imposed, unremittingly, upon all his faculties.

To the book collectors of this country no one was better known than the late Mr. Joseph Sabin. As a book-seller, cataloguer, and auctioneer he had been a familiar figure in New York for many years. His dingy shop in Nassau Street was a favorite haunt of book-worms—a class of people who avoid the light and spacious up-town stores and seek rather the dark attic or dimly-lighted cellar. Among Mr. Sabin's regular customers were men who thought little of paying thousands of dollars for a single volume. To such men his death will be a loss. It is no slight accomplishment to know the outside of books as thoroughly as Mr. Sabin knew them. It took him a life time to acquire this knowledge, and if many collectors depended largely on his judgment, it is not to be wondered at. As an auctioneer he was eminently successful, and many owners of libraries stipulated that he should conduct their sales. His manner on the stand was not, however, ingratiating. If a buyer failed to catch the title of a book as he rattled it off he would abuse him roundly, and many a sale has been temporarily suspended while the auctioneer and a buyer

exchanged uncomplimentary terms. As he described the books for sale, Mr. Sabin kept up a constant fire of side talk, and he never lost an occasion to make a joke. The great work of his life was his Dictionary of Americana, which at the time of his death had reached its thirteenth volume and included the letter O.

Alfred Billings Street, one of the minor poets of America, died at his home in Albany on the 2d inst. His name is not one that will be long remembered, but the generation for which he wrote found much to commend in his unpretentious books. As a boy he wrote verses which were deemed worthy of publication in the *Evening Post*, but his first volume of poetry appeared in 1842. It was entitled "The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems," and it was followed at intervals throughout the poet's life by works which were equally worthy of preservation, but which nevertheless are fated to perish with the boards that bind them. His longest poem was "Frontenac, a Tale of the Iroquois in 1696." This was published in London, by Bentley, in 1849. The poet was not only a diligent versifier but a respectable writer of prose. Among his better works of the latter sort are "Woods and Waters," "The Indian Pass," and "Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks." Mr. Street was nearly seventy years of age. His father, an eminent lawyer, had designed that he should follow the legal profession, but he soon abandoned it, and for many years he had held the post of State Librarian.

## LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Athenaeum* speaks of Mr. Swinburne as "the angriest poet that has written since Landor."

Prof. Boyesen has been appointed instructor in German in Columbia College.

Macmillan & Co. have nearly ready Thomas Hughes's book on "Rugby, Tennessee."

Prof. Sumner, of Yale, is preparing for the *Princeton Review* an article on Sociology.

Jas. R. Osgood & Co. have published a heliotype edition of Walter Crane's "The First of May" at \$2.50.

I. K. Funk & Co. have added another to the many "libraries" now on the market. It is called "The Midsummer Library," and begins with Bulwer's "Leila."

"H. H." who has recently returned to her home in Colorado Springs, will visit the Omaha reserve in Nebraska, next Fall, and describe the present condition of the Omaha tribe in an article in *Scribner's Monthly*.

Among the rare books in the Rev. Dr. Stuckert's library, which will be sold at Clinton Hall on the 22d and 23d inst., is Kant's own copy of his "Critique of Pure Reason." It is covered with marginal notes in Kant's handwriting.

The printers are at work on the revised proofs of the last volume of Mr. Bancroft's history.

Mr. A. D. F. Randolph has in press "The Chief End of Revelation," by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D.; and sermons by Rev. Eugene Bersier, translated by Miss Marie Stewart.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have in press "New England Bird Life," and "A Manual of Wood Engraving."

The next "No Name" will be a romance of the border, in which the Indian takes a conspicuous and creditable part. "Baby Rue" is the title. It will be ready about July 1st.

Other than the "authorized" editions of the revised New Testament are issued by Harper & Bros., Dodd, Mead & Co., Porter & Coates, the American Book Exchange and George Munro. R. Worthington is the first to publish it in quarto form.

In the current number of *Appleton's Journal*, the editor, Mr. Bunce, gives some interesting reminiscences of the New York stage apropos of a recent article in the *Theatre*, of London. He denies that the old Park Theatre was "ugly, dirty, and gloomy."

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's "Forrest" will be the first volume in the series of Actors' Biographies edited by Mr. Lawrence Hutton and published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

Ex-Minister Washburn has written a volume relating to the early history of Illinois, entitled "Governor Edward Coles and the Slavery Struggle of 1823-24." It will be published soon by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago.

There is reason to hope that "Madame de Sevigné," the next volume in Lippincott's not very successful series of Foreign Classics for English Readers will be a decided improvement upon its predecessors, as it is from the pen of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (*née* Miss Thackeray).

The book will be out before July. The June number of the *Magazine of Art* contains an interesting paper on the English sculptor Hamo Thornycraft, by Edmund W. Gosse. The illustrations from Mr. Thornycraft's works show him to be a graceful rather than a powerful artist; but as he is quite young, there is every reason for believing that he will do stronger work. Miss C. J. Weeks writes a little article on lady art students in Munich, which will interest the many lady art students in New York.

\* A Lesson in Love. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

† The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play of 1880. By the Rev. William A. Sniveley, S.T.D. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25. New York: James Pott.

‡ The Home of Fiesole. By the Author of The Children of Seeligsberg, etc. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Wm. J. Fowler, President of the National Farmers' Alliance, is writing an article on The Tariff Question.

Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock has incorporated the suggestions of the American revisers in the text of the New Testament, an edition of which is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. This has been copyrighted as "The American Version."

The many readers of "The Grandissimes" and "Old Creole Days" will be glad to hear that Mr. Abbott H. Thayer has made a portrait of Mr. Cable (who recently visited New York) for an early number of *Scribner's*. Mr. Cable has begun a new novel for the same magazine, and he is also at work on a history of New Orleans for the Census of 1880.

For several months past Mrs. Burnett has been engaged with Mr. W. H. Gillette in constructing a play from two of her short stories, "Loduskus" and "Esmeralda." She will spend the Summer near New York in rehearsing the piece, which is to be brought out at the Madison Square Theatre in the Fall. Mrs. Burnett is also at work on two new novels, one dealing with scenes and characters at Washington.

The Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Weekly* tells how Octave Feuillet's novels have sold. It is a remarkable showing: "Les Amours de Philippe," 18,000; "Bellah," 27,000; "Histoire de Sibylle," 32,000; "Le Journal d'une Femme," 16,000; "Julia de Treceur," 29,000; "Un Mariage dans le Monde," 27,000; "Monsieur de Camors," 43,000; "La Petite Comtesse," etc., 24,000; "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," 76,000; "Scènes et Proverbes," 42,000; "Scènes et Comédies," 31,000. Total, 365,000.

## THE FINE ARTS

### Farragut's Monument.

THERE has been little or no public expression of dissatisfaction with the monument to Farragut unveiled in Madison Square on the 25th of May, but of private remark adverse to it there have been some echoes. It is easy to see that to a large class of minds the figure is not sufficiently heroic or idealized. To a sculptor the difficulty of making a pair of navy trousers presentable in bronze must be little short of appalling, and there is a rumor that Mr. St. Gaudens at first recoiled from the task of putting a realistic figure in full length on a pedestal, knowing well the likelihood that the result would be stiff, if not broadly farcical. In Union Square stands a hapless Lincoln, whose plight is not bettered by the superfluous cloak which hangs from his shoulders. That statue is hopelessly stiff and commonplace. One plan of the sculptor of the Farragut statue was to place a bust of the Admiral on the engaged pier which forms the pedestal, and in the shallow semicircle of the present structure to seat a great bronze Genius unrolling a scroll on which the word Farragut alone should be read. That plan is simpler and in so far perhaps finer. But it is not so original as the existing plan and does not offer so many beautiful details. The simplicity which Mr. St. Gaudens sought in the first plan has been gathered into and concentrated upon the full-length of the Admiral. On working longer at his problem, it is likely that the sculptor multiplied details, but, the more they grew in his mind, the stronger became the necessity of showing power and virility in the chief object. The Genius in bronze shrunk to a pair of bas-reliefs in the stone of the monument, surrounded by symbols, and accompanied by fantastic inscriptive lettering. All the more did the crowning statue demand sternness of treatment. This is, unless appearances deceive, the evolution of the monument as we now see it.

The dailies and weeklies have spoken ably and at length of the outlines of the whole—the grouping of statue, pier, and double seat, the pretty conceit of the wave flowing about the blue stone base, of the blue pebbles in front, and the bronze crab—and in so doing they have not forgotten the credit due to the architect, Mr. Stanford White, the loyal co-worker with the sculptor. When the flag fell from the statue, on May 25th, there was still a very important question to be answered: How will the bronze statue and blue-stone base harmonize together in color? The flag dropped, and looking across the smoke of the salute the anxious sculptor must have had cause for reassurance, for the bronze and stone stand fairly well together. But only fairly. At present there is a touch of crudeness in their relations, in spite of the technical cleverness shown in the casting, and in spite of the novel idea, due, it is fair to infer, to the sculptor, by which various parts of the uniform are of a different shade of color, in some cases approaching brass. But at this date next year that touch of crudeness will have been gently removed by natural causes. Rain, snow, and dust will have affected both statue and pedestal, and effectually

removed the slight rawness of the new material. Before that time it is probable that the children who use the Square as a playground will have discovered the pleasant nook in the monument, and more than one charming group will be seen at the feet of the old sailor, who was rough, and could swear on provocation, though never at them, but rather at the enemies of their country. In fact those two things—namely, time to soften the colors, and groups of children to give a human, touchable, usable air to the monument—are all that is needed to complete the ideal which has lain before the sculptor. Here indeed is another point of departure fixed by Mr. St. Gaudens, which seems to have been overlooked. He has tried to bring sculpture into daily contact with the people, and doubtless hoped that if there were good things in his statue those good things could not be better employed than in fixing themselves in the memory of children. The Greeks believed firmly in the wholesomeness of surrounding their wives and children with beautiful objects.

Strictly speaking, a busy corner of a public square is not the fittest place for a monument of this shape. It would be more appropriate at the end of a walk, with a background of bushes. It belongs to Central Park rather than Madison Square. At present this slight incongruity is more evident than it will be hereafter, for neither walks nor sod have been arranged, nor indeed can they be, until the workmen have quite done with their last touches. As it is so fine a work of art it is perhaps well that it should be prominent, even at some risk of its general beauty; but it may not be too late in the season to hope that the Park Commissioners will consider an appropriate background for the monument as it now stands. It should rise from a bosket of shrubs or small trees, or at any rate a line of verdure should be arranged to form a relief and a background for the lower part. The statue itself can hardly be mistaken for what it purports to be. With a realism that is doubtless to some minds disturbing, the sculptor has given it the attitude of a man who stands on a quarterdeck. And with all due respect to the idealists, it is hard to see what else the sculptor could have done. His course lay between avoiding the figure entirely by recourse to the symbolical on a heroic scale, or doing what he has done—put the Admiral before us almost as he was in life. It will be curious to note how statue and base are going to "wear" with people. A just and complete decision cannot be come to until the monument is made part and parcel of the Square by a little of that gardening which at one period worked wonders in our parks.

## THE DRAMA

THERE are rumors that the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's company, now performing with great success in London at Drury Lane Theatre, will be permitted to visit the United States during the forthcoming season; and one of the most curious things about the organization is that any such permission should be needed. American audiences are in the habit of attaching too much importance to the box-office. They can imagine nothing theatrical that money will not buy. "They are willing to pay five times as much for what they fancy as other people," says the *Herald*, expanding the remark of Mr. Perkins Middlewich to his son, who had returned from Vesuvius: "I didn't limit you, Charley. I said 'See everything,' and I certainly expected as you'd see an eruption." Unfortunately even this quintuple payment would not of itself suffice to attract the Meiningers. They are bound by none of the recognized laws that govern the stage. They live in a dramatic fairy-land. They came into existence, as it were, by the waving of a magic wand. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, says the legend, looked forth from his palace one day upon the little kingdom, containing not one-fifth of the inhabitants of New York city. Surrounded by powerful neighbors, who were ready at any moment to devour him, he saw the impossibility of prevailing in war, and made up his mind to excel in the arts of peace. To this end he gathered a dramatic company together, believing that method and training would always avail in the theatre to hide any lack of individual talent and inspiration. While guaranteeing his actors against any possible loss, and treating them as favored servants of the crown, he set himself to teach the world, what it had long needed to know, that a pecuniary subvention was wholly useless unless it was aided by intelligent direction. The court theatres of Germany were decaying, even in Schlegel's time. The Patent theatres of London did nothing to deserve their privileges. The genius of Talma and Rachel was unable to save the Théâtre Français from popular neglect. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's company stands alone among existing organizations as one which, being entirely withdrawn from wholesome competition, has nevertheless attained a very high degree of excellence.

In the mass of trivial facts which are put forward as interesting the stage-world of America, this phenomenon is worthy of careful study. Among the Meiningers are actors of established reputation. The fame of Ludwig Barnay stands as high in Germany as that of Irving in England and Booth in the United States. Passionately devoted to the stage, he founded at Mayence a guild of actors called the Rütli, the aim of which was to maintain a high standard in the dramatic profession, and he was instrumental in convening the Congress at Weimar in 1871, where rules were drawn up for the guidance of the German stage, and societies of mutual assistance were founded. Yet Ludwig Barnay rarely assumes the leading part at the Saxe-Meiningen theatre. If he is cast for Marc Antony he harangues the populace with unrivalled force; if he is cast for the servant in a comedy he carries trays or announces visitors with not a shade less propriety. The lesson which the Meiningers are now teaching in England, and which sooner or later they will teach in America, is that the "star" system is only fitted for the infancy of the stage. The training of the supernumeraries, which has produced so much effect in London, and which the *Saturday Review* quaintly conceives to be the main purpose of the company, is merely incidental to the general system. The scope of the Comédie Française excludes the handling of large mobs, and therefore it has no body of supernumeraries in constant training; but the by-play of its drawing-room guests in modern comedy proves its discipline to be quite as busy with the lesser as with the more considerable players. It is only in countries where dramatic schooling is unknown that the well-trained pantomimic gestures of a crowd are regarded as tokens of remarkable histrionic skill. The universal prevalence of the Meininger doctrines is only a question of time. The stage will either free itself of the vainglorious players who believe that with a company of nonentities they can represent a dramatic masterpiece, or else it will cease to exist.

The season ends a little more tardily in London and Paris than here; but both cities are now winding up their dramatic affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have produced another version of "Le Fils de Coralie," which was played at the Union Square as "Felicia." The English adaptor seems to have botched his work almost as badly as the American translator. He has been content to change the names and surroundings, the son of Coralie being now known as Captain Mainwaring, V. C., a handsome young officer of the Tenth Fusiliers, and Coralie herself becoming a Mrs. Travers, who has paid for his education at Sandhurst and comes to Sir Jonas Meryon's country seat in the Isle of Wight to make arrangements for his marriage. Mr. Godfrey, the adaptor, was evidently under the impression that these alterations would deodorize the play. As a matter of fact they make it ridiculous. The motive is French, the characters act as none but French people could act, and their English names and English affectations only serve to provoke the same sort of laughter that greets the appearance of "Milord Griggs" or "Sir Tomsonn" in a sensational melodrama at the Porte Saint Martin. In the way of French melodrama it may be mentioned that a piece of that class has just been produced in Paris that is destined to much success. It is called "Le Prêtre" and is by M. Charles Buet, who is known as a novelist but not heretofore as a dramatist. Many of the scenes are laid in India during the Sepoy Mutiny. One Olivier Robert has murdered his friend. Escaping to India he has grown rich as a planter, when he is seized by the Raja in whose dominions he lives, and is condemned to death. A priest comes to give him absolution. It is the son of the man whom he murdered. He cynically confesses his crime. The priest, after a violent struggle with himself, draws his knife, rushes toward the prisoner, then suddenly drops the knife, and turns away in tears. The scene is a fine one, and well elaborated, though it bears a striking resemblance to an episode in "Les Mohicans de Paris," by the elder Dumas.

## MUSIC

### Some Recent American Compositions.

It was at once a happy and a courageous inspiration that prompted Mr. C. H. Morse, who is in charge of the musical department of Wellesley College, Mass., to have the programme for the inauguration of the new Music Hall which has lately been added to the already superb groups of buildings composed entirely of the productions of native Americans; and it may at the same time be regarded as in some sense a sign of the kind of progressive work that is steadily, if slowly, going on in our country, that this programme embraced no less than three compositions in the larger forms of chamber music, viz.: a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by F. G. Gleason; a sonata for pianoforte and violin, by J. K. Paine; and a string quartette, by George W. Chadwick. That the average characteristic of these efforts is one of promise rather than achievement goes almost without saying; it is precisely in the *genre* of chamber music that weakness of any sort revenges itself most, that of youth and inexperience

first of all. Nevertheless the experiment of such a programme was extremely interesting, and would be well worth emulating in our larger cities, where there ought certainly to exist some little curiosity, at least, as to what is being done in this field, as well as the desire to encourage and stimulate to further and higher efforts those who are doing the work.

Mr. Gleason's trio, although graceful and melodious, is evidently the result of reminiscences of Mendelssohn rather than of any serious inspiration of his own; that a young composer should have his favorite model, and that this model should be Mendelssohn, is surely not unnatural; only it were better, perhaps, that it should be less obvious in his work. Nevertheless very able and talented composers have begun their career with scarcely more showing of original quality than Mr. Gleason gives in this work, and we shall look for more of himself, as well as for greater strength next time. Mr. Paine's sonata is evidently an early work. The forms are pure, clear-cut, and abundantly self-poised, but a trifle weak and diffuse in the subject matter. Not so, however, Mr. Chadwick's quartette, which in a concise and admirably rounded form brings material of really great value, and is one of the most promising works that we have known to come from the pen of a young composer. Mr. Chadwick has evidently something to say that is worth hearing, and in this quartette he says it thoroughly well. His is a bright, healthy talent, from which many good things may be confidently expected. A "Trooper's Song," for male chorus, which he has recently printed, under the German title of "Reiterlied," although it has English text, seems to us to be as fresh and cheery as anything of its kind; and a larger composition for male chorus and orchestra, "The Viking's last Voyage," of which the score is before us, shows the same excellent qualities along with decided routine and judgment in handling the orchestra.

If in these works in the domain of chamber music we have to content ourselves with promise rather than complete results, we find, on the other hand, in Professor Paine's recently published symphony, "Im Frühling" (again a German title), and his overture and choruses to "Œdipus Tyrannus," the beginnings of a real growth. They are, to change the metaphor, the first post from which hereafter will be set the mile-stones that mark our progress in the cultivation of a higher musical art; and, unless we misjudge entirely the nature of the development that has carried this composer steadily upwards from the mere promise of his early works to the complete achievement of his latest, not a few of those mile-stones will be placed by Professor Paine himself. The symphony, which was performed in Boston last Winter (and is handsomely printed in score, as well as in the author's arrangement for four hands by Arthur P. Schmidt, of Boston, who has also published the "Œdipus" choruses), is at once a work of the largest dimensions, and of a musical value that justifies its size. It is a thoroughly rounded and mature composition, of beautiful form and delightful quality, that will win for its composer the respect of every musical community where it may be performed. The same may be confidently said of the "Œdipus" choruses, which, when we consider the difficult nature of the task, we are inclined to rate even higher than the symphony. Here the composer had to deal at once with complex and subtle rhythms, and with the danger of falling into monotony both of color and of rhythm. The handling of both qualities proves him to have grown into a complete mastery of his material, and the result is a truly noble and thoroughly satisfying composition. From the first chord of the overture to the last of the postlude there is not a weak or uncertain movement. Everything is written with a firm, sure hand, with the touch of one who knows his art. Especially beautiful are the chorus "Thou Delphic Rock" (of which the lovely adagio episode in G major forms one of the themes of the overture, and again of the postlude), and the strophe "If I the Prophet's Gift Possess," for tenor solo and chorus. This latter piece is full of a fiery and vivid inspiration that even on a mere reading is quite irresistible. Sung as it was, by Mr. Osgood, at the Harvard performance, the effect is something not to be easily forgotten. These choruses are meat for all of our singing societies, and we are not a little curious as to which of them will first appreciate the fact.

Of lesser compositions we have to note the appearance of a brilliant and exceedingly well written gavotte for the pianoforte, in F minor, by G. L. Capen; interesting songs—one, especially, (called "Lonely"), of decided poetical quality—by G. W. Marston; and a particularly bright and pleasing concert song (for soprano), "Burst, ye Apples-buds," by S. A. Emery.

EDWARD SCHUBERTH & Co. have imported a musically and pictorially illustrated edition of the text of "Lohengrin," of which Mr. J. P. Jackson has made a very careful metrical translation. Those who are interested in Wagner's work will find Mr. Jackson's version much more satisfying than that which underlies the usual vocal score, even if it is not at all times as faithful to the original as it might have been. The volume may, however, be commended as a really valuable addition to our Wagner literature.

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